

LAST PORT

Episode 2

"Lunges and stowaways"



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INT. BEDROOM – EVENING

We follow laughter down a hallway to a bedroom.

A decade-younger INNA and HERBIE lie in bed, post-coital. Inna plays with Herbie's chest hair.

INNA

It's a pretty depressing business for such an upbeat guy. With your personality – you should've been a film producer or a restaurant owner!

HERBIE

Nah. Those are horrible investments. Everybody dies, and everyone needs a good send-off. A shrink once told me I was trying to make up for my parents'–

INNA

You had a shrink?!

HERBIE

Oh yeah... I had her a couple of times – in the car, at her house, behind a theater, in an elevator–

Inna bursts out laughing.

INNA

You were banging your shrink. Of course you were! I can't see you sitting in an office listening to a–

HERBIE

She was right. This whole thing – my business, Fox Funerals – is because I couldn't give my parents a decent burial.

INNA

It wasn't your fault. You were a kid – a broke kid. And it doesn't matter where or how you're buried. You're dead already! I mean, seriously – all this obsession with spending money on funerals? Spend it while you're alive. Why bury your hard-earned cash?

Herbie sits up.

HERBIE

What did you just say?

INNA

I'm just saying – spend the money while you're above ground. Why bury your–

HERBIE

Why bury your hard-earned cash?! You're a frickin' genius! That's it – that's my billboard right there! Oh my beautiful, brilliant, sexy woman!

Herbie grabs Inna's face, peppering her with kisses. She laughs, tumbling back onto the pillows for round two.

EXT. PACIFIC OCEAN – DAWN

The SHERRY cruises along. Sun glistens on the water as a funky version of "Row, Row, Row Your Boat" carries us toward the yacht. Birds wheel overhead. Idyllic.

INT. INNA'S CABIN – DAWN

Inna wakes. Lies still for a moment, taking in the remnants of the dream.

She rises slowly, crosses to the window, peers out.

EXT. YACHT – DAWN

The deck is empty – except for LIAM, seated in a deck chair, head in his hands.

INT. INNA'S CABIN – CONTINUOUS

Inna bites her lip, watching Liam. She sighs, grabs a robe from a nearby chair.

EXT. YACHT – DAWN

Inna, still in her robe, approaches Liam and hands him a cup of coffee.

INNA

I hope black is okay?

Liam takes the cup, nods.

INNA (CONT'D)

You weren't at the welcome dinner.
You alright?

LIAM

Yeah. Sorry. Haven't been around
people for a while... I'll dip my
toe in soon. Promise.

INNA

No need to apologize. I don't blame
you. People can kill your spirit.

She sits in the chair beside him.

A beat.

INNA (CONT'D)

If you Google me now, most of what
comes up is about my acting career.
My marriage. That's because my
husband, Herbie, had some techie
kid scrub a bunch of stuff. A
decade ago – it was mostly nude
photos of me. Mainly my butt.

LIAM

I'm listening...

INNA

Yeah, that got your attention.
Nothing nefarious – or even
interesting. Early in my career, I
did an off-Broadway production of
Antigone. We performed nude. No
costumes.

Liam's eyes widen.

INNA (CONT'D)

It was a big hit – put me on the
map. But critics called it a
gimmick. It wasn't. It was a
metaphor. Anyway, some asshole
snuck in a camera one night, and
once the internet was born, every
mention of me came with a naked
photo. From behind. It reduced my
entire life, my career,
everything... to just my bare ass.

A beat. Liam nods.

LIAM
I can relate.

Beat.

LIAM (CONT'D)
Was it a good ass, at least?

INNA
Are you kidding me? I was young!
You could crack an egg on that ass.
Yes – it was a good ass. It was a
great ass.

Liam allows himself a small smile.

INNA (CONT'D)
I should get dressed. But it was
nice sharing my shame with you.

She stands, then turns back.

INNA (CONT'D)
I'm not going to force you to join
us for meals. This is your trip –
but I do think it might be good for
you. Besides, I doubt this crowd
knows much about soccer anyway.

Liam raises an eyebrow.

LIAM
You Yanks have always
underestimated the power of footy.

INT. ED AND PAUL'S CABIN – MORNING

Paul points to a video on his laptop, Ed squints at the screen.

PAUL
You remember this, come on love –
it was everywhere! That's the
fellow we saw getting on *this* boat,
I'm telling you!

Paul points to the video, it's Liam missing a goal during the World Cup, it plays over and over in a meme with commentary from an angry football fan. Ed looks closer at the screen.

EDWARD

2002? I was filming Mission Impossible and in rehearsals for *The Crucible*, I don't remember this at all—

PAUL

Well, I remember it clear as day, people thought the world had ended — everyone drunk for weeks. Poor guy, they slaughtered him — *annihilated* him in the press. No wonder he's hiding in his room.

EDWARD

—and that is precisely why we have been so *private*. The British press.

Paul laughs.

PAUL

Oh darling, there isn't a soul alive who thinks we're "*just friends*"! The press is only kind to you because you're a *national treasure*.

Beat. Paul looks at the video again, shakes his head.

PAUL (CONT'D)

We should be nice to this fellow, poor thing's been a hermit for the past 20 years.

Ed looks closer, pokes his finger at the screen.

EDWARD

Look at the glee in that man's eyes, see how he is positively *relishing* in Liam's misfortune? Here's a young man who probably spent every hour of the day practicing football and he was good enough to make a world class team, and *one* mistake, *one* kick, ruined his life. It's *disgusting* — this social media, online access to everyone's pain!

Paul calmly walks over to a small table with two place settings and a silver chafing dish, raising the cover, he smiles brightly.

PAUL
 Would scrambled eggs and caviar
 help?

EDWARD
 God yes!

Paul serves Edward a plate of eggs.

PAUL
 I saw you eyeing that hot tamale,
 Lenny—

EDWARD
 Me?! If you flirted anymore, we'd
 be canceled!

PAUL
 I think he'd be keen to get to know
 us a bit better—

EDWARD
 What are you getting at?

PAUL
 Darling, we're on a cruise to
 determine how we might want to
 handle your demise, it's not a
 subject I enjoy thinking about. A
 little diversion might help soften
 the proverbial blow?

Paul winks again, Edward looks clueless.

PAUL (CONT'D)
 A certain something we've never
 entertained in our 40-plus years
 together? Might be just the thing
 to make this whole endeavor more
 palatable?

Beat. Edward's eyes dart around the room.

EDWARD
 Are you suggesting a *threesome*? Is
 this the type of *diversion* you are
 alluding to?

Paul smiles at Edward, Edward laughs out loud.

EDWARD (CONT'D)
 Is this something one does before
 getting married?

PAUL

Why not?

EDWARD

Ha! Why not indeed? Well then, a cup of tea might be in order!

Paul brings Edward a cup, kisses him.

PAUL

It'll be an adventure, darling!

EDWARD

Is that sort of thing *allowed*?

Paul shrugs.

PAUL

Consenting adults?

EXT. YACHT – MORNING

Inna and Pete argue outside the wheelhouse. Inna is scrolling through her phone, half listening.

PETE

I spoke to Coast Guard, we gotta get rid of him at the next port, but I'm having issues getting permission to dock—

INNA

They don't know he's here so what's the big deal in letting the guy have a good time for a few days?

PETE

Everything you've worked for is the *big deal*. And they *do* know he's here — hey, stop texting.

Pete waits until he has Inna's attention, takes a deep breath.

PETE (CONT'D)

There is a manifest, there are laws. Lance told the rehab facility he was taking Alfredo out to lunch, at this point it's kidnapping—

Inna puts her phone in her pocket, scoffing.

INNA

Oh for God's sake Pete, it's not kidnapping, Lance is his nephew!

PETE

And he's not even here! He dumped his uncle on us and ran back to his life! I've reported him, all I'm asking is that you have someone meet us at Crescent, that's *if* I can get dockage.

INNA

Okay, okay. I'll talk to Alfredo and I'll call Lance to pick him up. But let him have some fun for a day, yeah? I mean, isn't that what this is supposed to be about, fun?

Pete's face says it all.

INT. JUDITH AND HAROLD'S CABIN - MORNING

HAROLD

This is not fun for me, Judith! We are lying to these people, and I do not like it. Not one bit. You have to tell them - today!

JUDITH

What do you want me to say? I had a bad diagnosis, thought I was gonna die, but it turned out the hospital made a mistake and now I just want to have a nice time on this gorgeous yacht?!

HAROLD

Yes! That's exactly what I want you to say. It's not fair. There are seriously ill people here. Did you see the lady in the turban? You think she's gonna be happy when she finds out you're just *playing* sick?

Judith clutches her heart and plops into the nearest chair.

JUDITH

I have palpitations again! You're killing me, Harold! The stress - you know I have a weak heart!

Harold kneels in front of her, takes her hand.

HAROLD

What I know, Judith, is that my wife is a hypochondriac – and there must be a reason for it.

Harold strokes Judith's hair. She looks away.

HAROLD (CONT'D)

I also know that I love her very much. And I'll do whatever it takes to make her feel she deserves to be healthy.

(then)

All I'm asking is that you come clean – so we can have a good time without lying our way through the whole trip.

Judith wipes a tear, fusses with her hankie.

Harold kisses her forehead.

She sniffs dramatically... then nods.

INT. THERAPY ROOM – MORNING

BERNICE WILSON (50s) – death doula, MD, therapist, psychedelic guide – sits across from Margo and Lucy.

LUCY

I fully understand what the prognosis is for my mother, I'm not in denial and I am not unaware that this could happen to me too–

MARGO

Lucy has her mastectomy and hysterectomy scheduled, she's on top of it, Chloe unfortunately–

LUCY

Chloe lives in another dimension. I don't think I've had a real conversation with her since she got her first toddler tablet.

Margo looks at Lucy, eyebrows raised.

MARGO

In any event. My daughters need to be on the same page and they need to be communicating.

Beat. Bernice considering this.

BERNICE

Then why are you here without her?
Shouldn't Chloe be part of this
conversation?

LUCY

Oh she will be, we just wanted to
brief you first—

BERNICE

And you think that's fair to Chloe?
Seems to me like you're setting the
stage instead of allowing things to
happen organically. And I don't
need to be *prepped* before a therapy
session, this ain't my first rodeo.

Beat. Margo and Lucy shift in their chairs.

BERNICE (CONT'D)

Do you two always team up?
Might be contributing to Chloe's
sense of isolation — why don't we
get her in here?

Beat.

LUCY

Sure, I'll get her.

Lucy looks to Margo who nods, she leaves. Bernice smiles at Margo.

BERNICE

How you holding up?

Beat.

MARGO

I like to think of myself as an
intelligent person — but the
reality is that I wouldn't be in
this situation if I did what Lucy
is doing, preventative surgeries.

Bernice nods, listening.

MARGO (CONT'D)

My mother died of the same
aggressive breast cancer and so did
both of my sisters.

(MORE)

MARGO (CONT'D)

I watched them die, all of them – and I never thought I'd be next? To say I'm feeling like an idiot, is an understatement. I thought yoga and green tea were going to help me dodge this bullet? Truly stupid.

BERNICE

It's normal to think your outcome will be different. You had a lot to live for–

MARGO

Their ends were awful, I mean beyond awful. I figure the least I can do is spare them that, and spare myself–

BERNICE

You're opting for a planned death?

Margo nods.

BERNICE (CONT'D)

When?

MARGO

To be honest, I wanted to check this cruise out to see if it was an environment I'd be comfortable in. I haven't determined that yet. I mean – the owner seems like she cares, there's attention to detail – but it's a big decision. I might want to die at home, I have no idea. I'm also feeling pretty good right now so–

BERNICE

So you have time to think about it all, that's good. What do you hope to achieve on this cruise?

Margo let's her breath out.

MARGO

I just want my girls to get along, they're going to be alone when I'm gone, they're all they have. I want there to be peace between–

The door flies open, Lucy eye rolls in and takes her chair with a huge sigh. Chloe follows, eyes glued to her phone, a large backpack flung over her shoulder.

She closes the door and stands, playing a video game, head down.

Bernice clears her throat, no reaction from Chloe.

Bernice stares at Chloe until finally, Chloe looks up.

CHLOE

Oh, hi.

Bernice motions to a chair, Chloe sits.

BERNICE

Why don't we all start by putting our devices away, this is a safe space so no recording, photos or video. Thank you.

Chloe shoves her phone in her backpack.

BERNICE (CONT'D)

This is a short cruise. You've booked four sessions. So I'm going to cut to the chase. Your mother is exploring her options for when her end comes. She's doing this now - while she can still make decisions for herself. Before the pain takes over.

A beat.

BERNICE (CONT'D)

Any questions so far?

Lucy and Chloe shake their heads, stunned into silence at Bernice's directness.

BERNICE (CONT'D)

Good. As a death doula and therapist, I've seen a lot of bad deaths and a lot of good deaths. A good death happens with good communication. This is not the time to hold back or tuck things away - you are not serving yourself or the others if you do that. A good death happens when the person who is passing has said everything they need to say and heard everything they need to hear. With that peace of mind, they can then release the shell - the body.

(MORE)

BERNICE (CONT'D)

I want your mom to have a *good* death and I want you both to be able to say goodbye to her with the knowledge that you expressed your thoughts, fears and love. I'd like to start with your fears. Chloe, what scares you most about your mom passing?

Chloe just stares at Bernice.

CHLOE

Well it's not like she's dying right now, right?

Lucy scoffs.

LUCY

What part of "we're planning mom's death" do you not understand? Did you think this was a *pleasure* cruise? Sheesh!

Chloe's eyes drift away.

BERNICE

Lucy please, let Chloe answer. Chloe, what scares you the most about all of this.

Beat. Chloe grabs her backpack, heads to the door.

Turning around, she points at Lucy.

CHLOE

That I'm gonna be left with just her.

A beat.

CHLOE (CONT'D)

That's what scares me the most.

Chloe leaves. Margo sighs.

BERNICE

I think we're gonna need to book a few more sessions, ladies.

CUT TO:

INT. LIAM'S CABIN – MORNING

Liam is watching a video describing the Death with Dignity act. The presenter (60s) is clearly reading from a TelePrompTer.

PRESENTER

...the mixture of diazepam,
digoxin, morphine sulphate and
propranolol is self administered in
most cases...

The video cuts to a man lying in bed, surrounded by weeping loved ones.

He lifts a paper cup in a "cheers" gesture, then downs the cocktail and lies back smiling, eyes closed.

PRESENTER (CONT'D)

The individual will fall asleep
then gently drift into a deeper
sleep, then they will stop
breathing, it is at this point—

Liam slams the laptop closed. He makes a decision, exits his cabin.

EXT. YACHT – CONTINUOUS

Liam approaches the bow of the yacht, looks around, there's no one nearby. He peers over the edge and starts climbing over the railing.

A voice stops him.

CHLOE (O.S.)

Drowning is a shit way to die,
trust me.

Liam turns to see Chloe sitting under a bench, tablet in hand, leaning on her backpack.

Liam scuttles off the railing, gives it a little polish as if he was just enjoying the view.

LIAM

How do you know that?

CHLOE

Research—

LIAM

For educational purposes, or?

Beat.

Or. CHLOE

I see. LIAM

Liam squats down across from her.

He clears his throat, sticks his hand out. Chloe, mid game, looks up and quickly shakes his hand.

LIAM (CONT'D)
Liam Putter.

CHLOE
Chloe Dennis.

LIAM
What are you playing?

CHLOE
WoZ.

Liam looks clueless.

CHLOE (CONT'D)
World of Zephyr. It's a game. It's my thing.

LIAM
I see. What do you do in the game?

CHLOE
Live.

Liam nods.

LIAM
Sounds nice...

Chloe looks at him, moves closer to share her screen.

CHLOE
It is. Right now I'm in the Keeper's croft...

Liam looks at her screen.

LIAM
Looks exotic.

CHLOE

Yeah. I've been kinda obsessed with this game since it came out.

Liam notices something on her screen, points.

LIAM

Is that your *ranking*?!

Chloe ducks her head, shrugs.

CHLOE

Yeah but it's not that big of a deal—

LIAM

Number 2? Is that in the *world*?

Chloe nods, tucks her head shyly.

LIAM (CONT'D)

Wow! You're famous I bet, a goddess in the world of nerds — a nerd goddess! Or would it be geek goddess? I like that better, yeah? *Geek goddess?*

Chloe smiles, Liam looks at his shoes, reties a lace. They sit in silence for a beat. Liam stops fussing, looks at her.

LIAM (CONT'D)

I wasn't going to jump you know...

Chloe keeps playing, not looking up.

CHLOE

I was...

Beat.

CHLOE (CONT'D)

...but I didn't wanna lose my ranking.

Liam stifles a laugh. Chloe winks at him, goes back to playing.

INT. DINING ROOM — MORNING

Judith and Harold are pantomiming their way through an argument. Harold is jerking his thumb and mouthing "go!" toward a table where Inna and Doris huddle.

Judith shakes her head no, violently, Harold jerks his thumb again emphatically.

They have a stare off. Finally, Judith sighs, gets up and grumbles her way across the room, Harold trailing behind.

INT. DINING ROOM – CONTINUOUS

Inna gulps coffee, scans the lists and menus scattered on the table.

DORIS

I ordered branzino and King salmon for the pickup in San Francisco, trying to avoid shellfish since we have two allergies on board – which is a shame, cause I wanted to make my lobster pasta–

INNA

Herbie's favorite! God he loved your cooking – every single time we went out to eat he'd say, "Doris can cook this chef into humiliation!"

Doris is mouthing the well known words along with Inna, she puts her hand on Inna's.

Beat.

HAROLD (O.S.)

Mrs Fox! My wife wants to talk to you!

Inna stands, smiles at Judith and Harold.

INNA

Mr. and Mrs. Leiber! How are you? Is everything to your satisfaction? Be honest, this is our inaugural cruise so feedback is welcome!

Judith stares, mouth open, but nothing coming out. Harold prods her from behind.

HAROLD

My wife has something to say to you Mrs. Fox–

JUDITH

Yes! Yes, Mrs. Fox, erm... I am so sorry for your loss! We heard about it and were just amazed that you're doing all of this so soon after losing your husband. You must be grieving! Don't you think you should have taken more time off?!

Harold drops his head, hands up in the air. Inna's smile drops.

INNA

Ah, thank you... I am – ah–

JUDITH

Did you sit shiva?

HAROLD

Judith!

JUDITH

What?! I'm just asking because–

INNA

No, I did not sit shiva. My husband didn't want anyone to sit shiva–

JUDITH

Well, he may have *said* that but–

Doris gets between Inna and Judith. Sticks her hand out.

DORIS

I'm Doris Vahey, your chef. I've been wanting to talk to you both – how have the gluten-free options been for you so far? Any feedback for me?

Inna gives Doris a grateful look.

INNA

Will you excuse me please? I'm late for a... a meeting.

Fighting tears, Inna hurries away.

HAROLD

Thank you Doris, everything has been delicious and to be honest, I think Judith is faking being gluten intolerant – just like she fakes everything else!

Harold marches away in a huff, passing Bernice on her way in. Bernice warily approaches the women.

BERNICE
Judith Lieber?

Judith nods.

BERNICE (CONT'D)
I've been looking for you. I'm Dr. Wilson, Bernice. You and your husband haven't booked any sessions. Do you have a minute?

She motions for Judith to sit at a nearby table. Bernice slides into a chair, takes brochures and laptop out of her bag.

Judith picks up a brochure, avoiding Bernice's eye.

BERNICE (CONT'D)
Lemme schedule you in now that I have you. Do you want a one on one, or a session with your husband present?

JUDITH
Ah, we aren't really therapy kinda people, we're here mostly to just be together – you know, time away and all that.

BERNICE
Yes, of course that's important but with what you're both facing, it might be beneficial to have a safe place to discuss things? I can help people navigate the–

Judith sees something in the brochure and interrupts, pointing.

JUDITH
Mushrooms!

BERNICE
Sorry?

JUDITH
Mushrooms, the magic mushrooms – I want to do those. It says right here I can do that.

BERNICE

Yes of course you can, it's quite a journey, have you ever done psychedelics?

Judith nods vigorously, eyes wide, clearly lying.

JUDITH

Oh gosh yes, Harold I were wild child, hippie dippies, new agey shaman like people...

Bernice's eyebrows lift.

BERNICE

Okay, it's your decision of course. We'll need to do a quick physical, a therapeutic evaluation.

Bernice opens her laptop, scrolls.

BERNICE (CONT'D)

I can see you at four this afternoon?

JUDITH

Sure! I'll be there. Thank you, gotta run and find Harold, bye thank you-

Judith gets up, nodding, smiling, waving her way out of the dining room.

Bernice offers up a professional smile, watching her go.

EXT. YACHT - DAY

Chloe and Liam sit on deck chairs, drinking coffee.

CHLOE

The surgeries and stuff don't scare me. First of all, I don't ever want kids, no way, and I don't really think about my boobs, you know?

Liam looks away. Chloe laughs.

CHLOE (CONT'D)

For a guy that sounds insane, right? All guys think about are boobs!

Liam starts to speak then stops, starts again.

LIAM

Oh bugger it, it's not like I can get in anymore trouble than I already am, yeah? So here are my thoughts. First of all, it's not just kids, it's your hormones and stuff are gonna get all outta shape – and you're so young! Just seems like an awful lot. Second, I would think about your boobs. If I were you, I mean – you should think about your boobs. Oh for chrissakes – none of this is coming out right!

Liam drops his head and sighs.

CHLOE

No, it's okay! I get it. Really. Thank you. It's just, it's been drilled into me since I was tiny, you know, my grandma died of it, my aunts, my mom is dying of it. They think I'm in denial or something but I'm not, I just choose to not talk about it all the time, you know? They're like *obsessed!* My sister has planned for her surgeries like it's her *wedding* or something, she made a fricken' playlist already – for her *recovery party!* I just don't want to be part of the insanity, you know? My sister is such a control freak, she thinks she can control this? She can't!

Beat. Liam looks around.

CHLOE (CONT'D)

Sorry I'm talking too much, you're just easy to talk to.

LIAM

I am? That's funny, I've spoken to exactly two people in the past 20 years – my therapist and the Amazon delivery guy.

CHLOE

Why?

Liam looks at her like she's nuts.

LIAM

You don't know who I am?

CHLOE

Of course I do, but what's the big deal? You missed a kick and it made you as famous as Taylor Swift – so go with it! Rebrand yourself as a *survivor* – I can see a whole anti-bullying campaign built around you, you have so much potential. I'm surprised nobody ever reached out to you about this...

Liam looks into space, remembering.

FLASHBACK – LIAM'S FRONT DOOR

- KNOCK. Liam cowers behind the door.
- Another KNOCK. He peers through the peephole.
- Another face. Another KNOCK. On and on, more KNOCKS more faces.

END FLASHBACK

Liam snaps back, looks at Chloe

LIAM

Nope, can't say they did – hey, I don't think you have to assume you're going to die the same way your mum is. You can fight it, like your sister's doing. Maybe both of you have a good chance?

Chloe looks up briefly, locks eyes with him, shrugs. Liam looks at his phone.

LIAM (CONT'D)

Look, I'm gonna go to a therapy thing but... see you later, at dinner maybe?

CHLOE

Sure. Good luck!

Liam leaves, Chloe quickly logs back into the game, looks up briefly to watch Liam walk away, a tiny smile on her face.

INT. RECORDING STUDIO – DAY

RYAN and PAMELA sit across from the “Taking Care of Business!” podcast hosts – JOE (40s) and CAMMIE (30s).

Their biggest career credits: dinner-theater Godspell and brief stints at The Cheesecake Factory.

Behind them, a large poster shows the duo back-to-back in a Charlie’s Angels pose.

The set is small – a round table, four mics, logoed coffee cups.

Joe leans in. Dramatic.

JOE

...but you do admit that Inna Fox was integral in shaping the business?

PAMELA

Yes, she contributed some ideas–

JOE

So why would she walk away from it all? Is it because of her new business, Sundown Cruise lines, which looks interesting by the way–

Pamela eye rolls and cuts him off.

PAMELA

She’s flighty. She tried her hand at acting, then she threw herself into Herbie’s business for awhile but lost interest. She’s flaky!

JOE

“Tried her hand at acting”? Wow.

Cammie perks up, chiming in.

CAMMIE

Oh my God, her “Cat On A Hot Tin Roof” was amazing! My mom took me to New York to see it when I was twelve, incredible performance, look at my arms, chills.

PAMELA

Well, she hasn’t exactly been lighting up any stages in the past, what, 20 years?

RYAN
Total *has been!*

Ryan laughs alone. Cammie stares at her fingernails, Joe clears his throat.

PAMELA
Off the record, we could no longer trust Inna with the business, so we *insisted* on buying her out.

JOE
Ah, this is a *live* podcast, there is no "*off the record*".

CAMMIE
Why couldn't you trust her? I totally believed her on stage—

RYAN
She wanted to turn Fox Funerals into a suicide cruise line!

JOE
What do you mean by "*suicide cruise line*"?

RYAN
That's the business she just launched, she's charging a shit load of money to kill people at sea!

Joe and Cammie stare at Ryan, mouths open.

RYAN (CONT'D)
I know, crazy!

Pamela leans into her mic.

PAMELA
We're actually quite concerned about her, she's had a history of well, let's just say "*struggles*". Alcohol, nudity, exhibitionism—

Ryan grabs his mic.

RYAN
That's just the tip of the iceberg—

PAMELA

But we want everyone to know that we intend to honor Herbie Fox and his unique vision from this day forward, as a family.

Ryan leans in even closer, lips practically wrapped around the mic.

RYAN

And on that note, in honor of my beloved father's passing, we are offering the "Golfer's dream funeral". A 'swinging' deal at only \$499 all in!

JOE

Wow. Classy.

Beat.

JOE (CONT'D)

Hang on, you're saying that Sundown Cruises is a *suicide* cruise line?

Pamela and Ryan nod, Ryan throws his arms up.

RYAN

She's desperate man, what can I say? She's lost her marbles!

Joe and Cammie share a look, Cammie leans into her mic.

CAMMIE

We'll be back after this commercial break, get your questions ready for Ryan and Pamela Fox of Fox Funeral Homes!

The hosts switch the mics off, Joe turns to Ryan.

JOE

Those are some pretty big accusations you made there buddy-

RYAN

It's all true, *buddy!*

Cammie looks at her screen, eyes widen.

CAMMIE

Wow, we have a heck of a lot of people calling in for questions, hope you can stay awhile?

PAMELA

We will stay and answer all of their questions about funerals. After all, we care – that's why we're here.

Joe and Cammie share a doubtful look, fake smiles all around as they put their headphones back on and get ready for the Q&A.

INT. INNA'S CABIN – BATHROOM

Inna stares into the bathroom mirror, pats her puffy eyes, puts on some lipstick.

A knock at her door startles her.

INT. INNA'S CABIN – CONTINUOUS

Inna opens the door to Doris, who immediately takes Inna in her arms. Inna starts to cry again.

DORIS

That was rough...

INNA

Yeah, but there's a little truth to what she said.

DORIS

We all know you rushed into this, but that's who you are! You have one speed, go! This is your baby, your dream – maybe to the average person, it might look like you jumped into work a little too quickly, but you are not an *average* person.

Doris hold's Inna at arm's length, looks her in the eye.

DORIS (CONT'D)

Do you wanna stop the cruise? We can you know – it's not a big deal, give them their money back and go home?

INNA

Are you outta your fuckin' mind?

DORIS

You channeling Herbie now? Good!

INNA

No, I don't wanna quit or stop or... no! I just miss him, you know? I go to text him about ten times a day and then I remember - I wake up looking for him, then I remember. I keep thinking if I stay on this boat long enough, if I do enough cruises, help enough people have good deaths that maybe, maybe-

Inna, stops herself, turns back to Doris.

INNA (CONT'D)

I can't go home. He's not there. As long as I'm here, I'm in a sort of *other* place, a place where maybe he'll find me, does that make any sense?

DORIS

Not really, but death is complicated, sweetie. You need time, and I actually think that working through your grief is a good way for you to process it. You sitting at home with a couple thousand bottles of Bordeaux doesn't sit well with me. Plus, you got me and Petey here with you - your family.

Inna wipes her tears.

INNA

Thank you. You know me best and you're right. I'm not avoiding thinking about Herbie - I'm avoiding another relapse. I need to be busy.

Inna looks at her phone and gasps.

INNA (CONT'D)

Shit! The wedding meeting, the guys! I'm late!

INT. WASH CARVER'S OFFICE - YACHT - DAY

WASH CARVER (70s), a retired judge, sits behind his desk.

A George Foreman-type (grill-selling era): friendly, but he doesn't suffer fools.

EDWARD and PAUL sit opposite him.

Wash hands two passports back to the men.

WASH

I gotta say, gentlemen – you made my job easy. Very organized, the both of you.

Ed and Paul nod, smile.

WASH (CONT'D)

When we get back to Coos Bay, the other passengers can disembark and we can stay aboard and have a nice, simple ceremony as per your request.

Beat. Ed and Paul fidget, silent for a change.

WASH (CONT'D)

Nervous?

PAUL

Can you tell? We've been together 42 years but I feel like a blushing bride!

WASH

Funny you say that, most of the long haul couples I've married are the most nervous... and excited.

EDWARD

Probably afraid it will change an already perfect thing... but for us, for *me* mostly, it's peace of mind. I want Paul to have the respect he deserves when I'm gone.

PAUL

God knows I deserve respect! Joking darling...

Edward, smiling, takes Paul's hand.

EDWARD

You most certainly do.

Edward turns to Wash.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

This man waited for decades for me to finally come home for good.

(MORE)

EDWARD (CONT'D)

He's also attended hundreds of the most mind numbing events imaginable – and somehow made them fun! Never complained. Not once.

PAUL

Well, there was that one horrible awards thing in the Philippines... what a nightmare! The *sand castle* photos, dreadful!

The men laugh at the memory. Beat.

PAUL (CONT'D)

This is just icing on an already beautiful cake. We have had the best life together, truly.

Wash smiles.

WASH

It'll be an honor to marry you two.

Wash fidgets a little. Beat.

WASH (CONT'D)

I know this is wildly unprofessional – but I'm retired and we're on a yacht, so what the hell. Ed, my grandkids would lose their minds if they knew I met you. Those dragon movies? I stood in line for the books. Took them to every screening. Huge fans.

Edward rising, smiles graciously.

EDWARD

Paul, would you do the honor please?

Paul jumps up, Wash hands him his phone.

WASH

Really? I never would have asked, but I'll take it, oh man, I'm gonna be cooler than Drake...

Paul takes the photo, the door flies open and Inna stumbles in.

INNA

Oh gosh, did I miss the whole thing? I am so sorry, I–

PAUL

It's no problem! Mr. Carver has been a delight, Ed and I have our vows written, the paperwork is in order and we are sorted!

INNA

Oh thank goodness, okay.

Inna hands Paul an envelope.

INNA (CONT'D)

Here are some menu and music options and a few other little things to have a think about, we can chat about them later? Whew! Exciting!

EDWARD

It is and we're especially happy that it will be a simple affair...

INNA

No paparazzi, I promise!

Inna smiles, the guys shake Wash's hand and exit.

Inna plops into a chair, breathing heavily.

INNA (CONT'D)

Well that went well despite-

WASH

It's all good, Inna, breathe. How you holdin' up?

Inna shrugs, pats her chest.

WASH (CONT'D)

Herbie was a huge presence, he's bound to leave a *huge* void.

Inna meets his eyes, nods.

WASH (CONT'D)

I remember when I married you two nutballs, never seen two happier people, laughing the whole time, dancin' around like fools... count your blessings, you experienced true love.

Inna tears up.

INNA
I sure did Wash, I sure as hell
did.

Beat. Wash punches some keys on his laptop.

WASH
I have a little uncomfortable news
I need to share with you, put a
fire out before it catches flame.

INNA
What do you mean? What happened?

WASH
Pamela and Ryan are what
happened...

Inna jerks up, on high alert.

Wash turns his laptop toward her.

An article fills the screen – a younger, naked INNA looking
over her shoulder, her butt unmistakable.

The headline screams:

“ALCOHOLIC ACTRESS LAUNCHES SUICIDE CRUISE LINE!”

Inna’s mouth drops open.

INT. YACHT – DINING ROOM – EVENING

A table has been set in the middle of the room for a group
dinner.

A few guests are looking furtively around, checking their
phones. Some are huddled together, nervously chattering.

Waiters fill water and wine glasses quickly.

Alfredo is the only one who looks calm, nibbling away at a
bread stick, smiling at everyone.

Inna walks down the long table, finally reaching her chair.
Everyone stops what they’re doing, looks at her, it’s awkward
as hell. Inna clears her throat.

INNA

Thank you all for joining me at this impromptu group dinner, I felt it was necessary to address a few things that have happened. First of all – I'd like you to meet Alfredo Lorrie.

Alfredo waves his bread stick around like a baton.

INNA (CONT'D)

Mr. Lorrie's nephew rescued him from an unpleasant facility and brought him to us. I felt strongly that by allowing him to stay, I was living up to my mission to help people – even if it could lead to legal issues. I said yes because it seemed like the right thing to do, to show him a good time after his months of unhappiness... and horrible food.

Alfredo nods enthusiastically.

INNA (CONT'D)

If it's okay with you, the paying guests – I'd like Mr. Lorrie to stay for now, so he can have a little fun before going back to the facility. If that's a problem with any of you, I'm happy to discuss it. I wanted to be transparent about his presence here, with all of you, because you deserve the truth – which brings me to the next piece of business.

Inna takes a big breath, looks around the table.

INNA (CONT'D)

Today, a podcast hosted my stepson and his mother, who both said some pretty outrageous things about me and about this cruise.

Inna brings up an article on her phone.

INNA (CONT'D)

This one kinda sums it up, "Addict funeral home widow launches sex, drugs and suicide cruise line!"

Inna looks around the table. Some guests meet her eyes. Others look away.

The waiters stand frozen, water carafes mid-air, waiting for Inna to continue.

INNA (CONT'D)

Yes, I had a drinking problem in my 40s. I was sober for over 20 years, and I recently relapsed after my husband died. It was a one-day event and will not be repeated. That said – this unwanted press does make me want a very large glass of red.

The group relaxes a little, some chuckle.

INNA (CONT'D)

It is also true that we do offer people the opportunity to do the Death with Dignity act on board – and it is true that some people have asked for more information on it. But no one is being coerced into doing it – and in order to do it, a person has to go through a lengthy process that involves oral requests, a written request, a special prescription and a mandatory wait in between. It's not something you can decide on a whim, it is not a service we offer up like dessert or a massage. It is a serious decision to be taken as a last resort. Any questions so far?

Judith raises her hand, Harold's face lights up, hopeful.

JUDITH

The drug allegations – I mean, the mushrooms and stuff you have are legal, right? It's good quality? Safe?

Inna nods to Bernice who puts her glass down and turns to Judith.

BERNICE

Measure 109 legalized psilocybin for therapy and we are the only floating service center in the world, thanks to the incredibly hard work of Ms. Fox and Mr. Carver. The product we use on board is from Oregon's licensed psilocybin service providers. So yes, we are legal and we use legal products.

Harold stares open-mouthed at Judith who nods her thanks, takes a piece of bread, reaches for the butter.

INNA

Anyone else?

ALFREDO

I'm happy to address the sex allegations. I ain't havin' any sex, and *I'm mad as hell and I'm not going to take this anymore!*

The guests laugh, Margo turns to Edward.

MARGO

Did you like that movie?

EDWARD

Network? Absolutely! That's when American films were superb... Albert Finney, marvelous actor – we did a little independent film together years ago... Delightful man.

Inna raises her arm, getting everyone's attention.

INNA

Launching the first of anything is nearly impossible – but here we are. You are all groundbreakers, the first participants in an experiment to prove that facing our last act can be beautiful... that we can overcome our fears and issues to earn the peace we deserve.

Beat.

INNA (CONT'D)

No one on their death bed wishes they worked one more day or made one more deal, they ask for their brother to forgive them or for their mother to remember them. I want you all to have healing *now* so you can live your best days from today onwards. I want all of us here, to face death with a clean slate, with love in our hearts and peace in our minds. I'm so proud of all of you, truly. Thank you for being here, thank you for being so open and kind to each other. Thank you.

A few people raise their glasses to Inna.

Waiters start serving the first course, the guests resume chatting.

Just as Inna sits down, Alfredo clinks his glass with his knife, clears his throat.

ALFREDO

I actually have one more thing, one question, one that's been on everyone's mind, I'm sure. After seeing these horrible articles online, the gossip *and* the *shocking* photos that accompany said articles, I have to ask...

Inna waits expectantly. Alfredo milks it, looking serious, he holds his phone up for all to see.

ALFREDO (CONT'D)

How the hell did you get an ass like that?! Squats? Lunges?!

Laughter erupts. A few whoops and whistles.

Inna laughs, hurls a piece of bread at Alfredo.

A jazzy version of Pearl Jam's "Oceans" plays over the following:

MONTAGE – DINNER ON THE YACHT – EVENING

– Guests eat beautiful food. Wine and cocktails flow. Low candles glow along the table.

- Captain Pete makes a toast. The guests fall silent, listening. Applause. He beams at Inna.
 - Lenny, Paul, and Edward sit together at one end of the table, sharing dessert, flirting.
 - Harold feeds Judith a bite of his food. She grimaces, chews, then smiles. They kiss.
 - Liam and Chloe huddle in a corner, playing World of Zephyr, giggling. Lucy and Margo watch them, nudging each other, whispering.
 - Outside the yacht, the table glows through windows and doors. Candlelight reflects off silver and crystal.
- Happy faces. Laughter. The water sparkles with moonlight as the yacht drifts beneath the stars.

END MONTAGE

THE END